



LIBERTY AND UNION—ONE AND INSEPARABLE.

Henry F. Middleton, Editor and Proprietor

"Against the insidious wills of foreign influence, if I capture you to serve me, follow others; the security of a few people ought to be no security at all, since blood and experience prove that foreign influence is the most dangerous of all influences."

It is time we should become a little more Americanized.—Jackson.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1855

Thomasson Council, No. 159, Of the AMERICAN ORDER, meets in the Court House, every THURSDAY NIGHT, at 7 o'clock. HENRY F. MIDDLETON, President.

MEMORANDUM
Of Sales, advertised in the Shelby News, and by bill printed at the News Office.

AT PUBLIC SALE.

January 14: Negroes by Commissioner Bohannon. See advertisement.

January 22: Personal Property of William Wilson. See ad.

AT PRIVATE SALE:

Farm of R. Merriweather. See ad.

Farm of W. W. Parrish. See advertisement.

January 20: Grist Mill, very desirable Cows, near Clayville. See advertisement.

The Town Property of Philip Adams. See ad.

RENEWAL OF ADVERTISEMENTS.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Read all the cards under the head of Special Notices.

Kentucky Female College. The stockholders would do well to read the notice of J. L. Caldwell.

One Cent. See the advertisement of Nelson Ross.

Public Sale. William Wilson will sell all his personal property at public sale, on the 22d instant.

Fees. Read the liberal proposal of H. A. Chinn, County Court Clerk.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills certain Remedies for Diseases. Read the notice of Dr. J. S. of Mississippi, was a severe sufferer from this complaint, and tried a number of repeated remedies, hoping they would benefit him, but he became so bad at last, as to be entirely confined to his bed, and he was unable to get up, and had to go to bed again. In this terrible condition, a friend brought him a quantity of Holloway's Ointment and Pills, which he immediately commenced to use, he soon found himself gradually improved by them, and by persevering with them, he has now entirely recovered, and has since enjoyed the best of health.

Mrs. AGNES M. Ross will accept our thanks for a large bowl of fine PEACHES. We enjoyed them, certain.

COLD WEATHER.—Since the winter of 1852, there has not been experienced in this section as cold weather, as during the past week. Should "The Shelby News" not be printed as well this week as usual, our readers may lay it to the account of the cold. The ink was too heavy, and the types were so cold that they would not take ink. We expect a supply of lighter ink by the next issue, when we will endeavor to look as beautiful as ever,—or more so.

ON FILE.—We have the recent speech of Col. MARSHALL in Congress, on file for publication; as also the remarks of Mr. FULLER of Penn., defining his position;—and the account of the way Mr. HOWELL COBB was caught in a trap—and had to acknowledge that even he had voted to exclude Slavery from the Territories of Oregon and Washington, and to make a part of the slave territory of Texas free territory!

The "74."—Alas and alas! after all the praise bestowed upon the "invincible," "the noble '74!" who voted for RICHARDSON, the recent accounts from Washington show that some of them have succumbed to their anti-Slavery and Abolition proclivities, and whilst RICHARDSON's vote dwindled down to 66, BANKS the abolition Democrat, at one time, came within three votes of being elected! Alas! for the '74!

THEIR NATIONALITY.—The Democratic papers of the South are swearing and protesting that that party is the only national party in the United States; and refer to the vote for RICHARDSON as evidence.

Of the seventy-four votes which R. has received, at no time have over seventeen members from the so-called free States voted for him! And they voted for him only because they knew he went for the Nebraska-Kansas bill, as a sure means of excluding negro slavery from all the territory of the United States—even from that before protected by the compromise of 1821—generally known as the Missouri compromise,—and from all territory that may be hereafter acquired—even to the Isthmus of Darien. Such is Mr. RICHARDSON, and such the boasted nationality of the Democratic party!

Three prisoners confined in the Garrard jail, set fire to the building on the night of the 24th ult., with the view of escaping. But the fire was soon extinguished.

STAND FROM UNDER.—We have been for sometime expecting the "Chicago Bubble" to burst, and have advised our friends to stand from under. Probably, when too late, Kentuckians will wish they had invested their capital in railroads and real estate at home, instead of in the Abolition State of Illinois.

We copy the following from the Louisville Courier of the 29th ultim:

There is a general impression abroad that the Chicago bubble is bound to burst at a day not very distant, and we fear that some of the many Kentuckians who have been speculating extensively in property there, would have done better to have made their investments here. The following paragraphs from the Chicago Democrat, of the 25th, show that they are at last beginning to have some hard times up there:

HARD TIMES.—A man of considerable means stepped into a broker's office in this city on Saturday, and asked for the loan of \$1,000 till Thursday next. The broker said he could have the use of the money till that day for forty dollars. Another gentleman, on the same day, having a payment to make on Monday, asked for the loan of \$600 till that day. The broker said he could have it for thirty dollars! The gentleman offered twenty dollars, but the broker would not come down a peg.

MORE EFFECTS OF THE MONEY PANIC.—One of our largest builders discharged all of his hands on Saturday, except his foreman. Some of his hands had been employed by him for a long period. Last winter he employed his hands throughout the winter.

Well Printed.—Col. HODGES, Public Printer, deserves great commendation for the beautiful typographical execution of the pamphlet copies of the Governor's Message. The Message itself, is decidedly one of the best State papers ever published, and the printing of it is worthy the document.

It were well if the Printers to the U. S. Government would take Col. HODGES's work as an exemplar.

SEVENTEENTH ANNIVERSARY.—The Seventeenth Anniversary of "THE SHELBY NEWS" finds us to-day with renewed hopes, and still brighter prospects.

From obscurity and poverty we have, during the interval of sixteen years, laboriously travelled the editorial path,—laboring from early dawn to the midnight hour, without even the necessary relaxation due to our own health,—and but few stolen hours for social enjoyment with our friends which, in common with every one, we covet and love dearly,—with but few moments spared—even to while away pleasantly in the bosom of our family,—towards a comfortable maintenance, and now, as we flatter ourselves, stand not the least alienated among our brethren of the Press.

We are opposed to some of the recommendations of the Executive; and will hereafter, as the subjects are taken up by the Legislature, show why we object.

Congress.—The story is still—"No Speaker yet!" During the last week, a bold move was made to force an election.

A resolution was adopted, that the members would not adjourn until a Speaker was chosen. But as the gloom of night came on, the stomachs got the better of the resolution, and a "recess" was taken until 10 o'clock the next day! And when the recess was out, the anti-adjourning resolution was repealed! The regular candidates still are FULLER, RICHARDSON, and BANKS.—

Yet, in all this, our experience is not singular, nor an exception. We calmly review

all that is painful in the Past, and conscientiously endeavor to make it the corrective of the Future.

When first we cast our humble lot with the people of Shelby, we met with little to encourage in our enterprise; though, thank God! our gloom and despondency was cheered by the sunlight of many a cordial good wish.—Yet no prediction of success sustained us at the outset; and we had only the history of repeated failures to maintain a newspaper publication at this point, to precede us,—to excite doubt and hesitancy. WE PERSEVERED.—The result is before our readers.

If the approval of the virtuous,—if tokens of esteem from the wise,—if eulogisms from those high in position,—if the compliments of the Press, can assure us that we have acted well our part, we have all that could satisfy mere vanity. But, excelsior is our motto. We hold that no period arrives in the career of any man, when exertion should cease; or when improvement is beyond his reach.

Notwithstanding all the sources of cheerfulness for the Present, and of hope for the Future, that 1855 brings to our "sanctum," still, there is a shadow glooming the picture.—It is the cloud from the Grave. We cannot but recall the many who, with only a generous and sympathizing hope, watched their beginning, and with a ready assurance fastened upon our first small successes—clinging to us through all the dark hours of the first trial, have gone down to the "narrow house" of all the Earth. Oh! how selfishly, we wish their presence now, that with friends, we might rejoice over triumphs achieved, and difficulties overcome.

We will not mar the gentle thoughts of this anniversary by any elaborate review or justification of our political opinions.

Those sentiments, years ago advocated by us, almost alone and unsupported, have now become the doctrines of a great party,—a party, so long as it adheres to its principles.

After enlightening Europe, its fame spread over Africa, and finally appeared in America. He has translated the cure he has performed and the virtues of his medicines into as many languages as the missionaries have had the

Governments, otherwise the most despotic, have been forced by the great value of his medicines and their popularity with all the people to remove antiquated and time-honored restrictions upon the introduction of foreign medicines, and open their custom houses to a free introduction to the pills and ointment of this distinguished man. Empires and kingdoms removed the barriers of ages against the introduction and sale of proprietary or patent medicines, and freely permitted HOLLOWAY's medicines to become the physician of the masses.

From Europe.—The steamship Pacific arrived at New York from Liverpool, on the 28th ultmo. The news is not of material interest. The Russians have succeeded in taking Kars. Particulars are not given. The Russian forces in the Crimea had attacked the extremity of the French lines; after an hour's fighting they withdrew. The firing between the north and south sides of Sebastopol continues. Russia has effected a loan of \$60,000,000 and holds 5 per cent, in Berlin, Hamburg, and Holland. The Austrian army is being reduced to the peace standard.

The Queen of England has made an order in Council, which authorizes the bank of England to issue notes to the amount of £475,000, beyond the amount specified in the charter of the bank.

In reference to the question of peace, the rumors are numerous, and as varied and contradictory as numerous. If negotiations are on foot they have not progressed a step.

The British Cabinet are divided: Lords Palmerston and Panmure urge the prosecution of the war; while the rest of the members, backed by Napoleon's opinions, are for endeavoring to negotiate a peace.

In conclusion,—our public career we have endeavored to square by the excellent advice given by the fallen minister to Cromwell.

Be just, and fear not:

Let all the ends thou aimest at be thy Country's, Thy God's, and Truth's.

GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.—We present to our readers to-day the first Annual Message of Governor CHARLES S. MOREHEAD. For the early receipt of a copy we are indebted to Col. A. G. HODGES, of the "Frankfort Commonwealth."

We have no room for extended comment this week; and if we had, it would be unnecessary. It is a document eminently worth the Executive of the Commonwealth of Kentucky. It is a State paper of which every Kentuckian may well be proud.—

And the American party should receive the congratulations of the country, that they were the means of elevating so worthy a man to the Chief Magistracy of the State.

We commend the Message to the people of the Democratic faith, are thumping President PIERCE awfully for employing a part of the navy to intercept and stop the Northern Light with her filibustering passengers.

Let them settle among themselves. We believe the President does no more than his duty, and what his oath of office required.

HOG MARKET.—From the Louisville Courier of Monday we take the following:

THE HOG MARKET—SLAUGHTER.—The packing season is now drawing to a close, with but moderate receipts of hogs this week.

As regards prices, the market has undergone a decided decline, as we noted Saturday, with a sale of 500 hogs at \$8.25 net for cash, and several other small lots at \$5.50 for 4 months' time. The prevailing price at the same time last year was \$4.50 net.

The packing at Owsley & Co.'s has closed for the season, and several others expect to wind up during the present week.

The actual number of hogs killed and in pen around the falls up to last evening is annexed:

Packers. Hogs killed. In Pens.
Hunt, Hull & Co. 71,668 700
Hamilton, Ricketts & Co. 31,103 2,650
A. S. White & Co. 32,544 300
Atkins & Thomas. 1,204
Owsley & Co. 34,456 93
W. Jarvis & Co. 18,815 93
Huffman, Hamilton & Co. 14,611 9,000

Total. 255,083 4,949

The total number of hogs killed and in pen up to last evening was 261,032, against 258,607 at the same period last season.

This shows a small excess this year over the last, including the estimated packing at New Albany. The packing at that point last year at this period was 12,500, and the price was out, the anti-adjourning resolution was repealed! The regular candidates still are FULLER, RICHARDSON, and BANKS.—

The vote on the eighty-fourth ballot—the last taken on Saturday was: FULLER 29;

RICHARDSON 66; BANKS 98; scattering 10. Whole number cast 203; necessary to a choice of 102.

What, or when, will be the end, we pretend not to guess.

A REMARKABLE MAN.—AND A UNIVERSAL REMEDY FOR DISEASE.—The New York Dispatch says: This city is now the home of one of the most remarkable men of the age—a man who has traversed the civilized globe, and established in almost every country which he has visited, the sale of his medicines for the relief of human suffering, and which are a certain cure for disease in all its forms. We allude to PROFESSOR THOMAS HOLLOWAY, of London. It is now several years since this benefactor of the human race first proclaimed to the world, through the British press, that he had, after deep research, prepared a remedy that would cure all diseases.

There has long been a suspicion that there were white men, in or around New Castle, tampering with and attempting to seduce slaves property. But nothing definite or tangible has been known, until recently, by which these worthy philanthropists could be dealt with legally. Their increasing boldness and success of late, however, excited the vigilance of some of our sharp-sighted citizens, who have succeeded in tracing the villainy to its source.

Sometime about the 1st of October, three negro men, the property of William Smith, Sr., William Smith, Jr., and James McElwain, were enticed away, and made their escape, by help of the underground, safe to Canada. These lucky or unlucky fugitives attempted to communicate the good news of their arrival in the "land of refuge," to some of their colored friends, together with a glowing description of the multitude of good things which were waiting to be enjoyed by darkies, all for nothing.

But this gospel message was intercepted, and fell into hands, for which it was by no means intended. But when opened—what should be seen among the news, etc., but the names of their white accomplices. But this intelligence was kept rather silent until something more should turn up.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Nathan Miles discovered his negroes conspiring with some of their neighboring brethren to make a start for Canada. In their conversation overheard, they implicated a man named Stewart, living in New Castle, and made an appointment to meet at his house on a certain night to bring matters to a crisis. They were closely watched and followed up by Messrs. Ireland, Moody, and Caldwell, until Thursday night, the 20th of December. On this night they met at Stewart's house, when their whole conversation was overheard. Stewart had sent off the party in October, pointed to their safe arrival in Canada, and urged the men, (six in number,) to take their chance. Stewart was to go down to Madison on Saturday, and make arrangements for them to cross the Ohio, and for all his services was to receive fifty dollars from the negroes. The party had set Christmas eve night to start for "happy Canaan." But alas! how brief are hopes and prospects sometimes. In two hours, Stewart was in jail, and in less than twenty-four the darkies were on their way to the land of cotton and sugar. Stewart was sent on for further trial, and will be sent to prison for a cautious one, and having few agents, their affairs are perfectly under their knowledge and control.

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The Garland.

THE PRESENT.

Do not crouch to day and worship
The old Past, whose life is fled;
Hush your voice to tender reverence;
Creed him lies, but cold and dead;
For the Past is dead, and monarch,
With an added weight of hours,
Honors her, for she is might;
Home her, for she is ours!

See the shadows of his heroes
Girt around her cloudy throne;
And each day the ranks are strengthened
By great heirs to him unknown;
No! the Past is dead, and monarch,
Holds dreams both strange and new;
But the Present shall fulfill them,
What he promised, she shall do.

She inherits all his treasures,
She is heir to all his fame,
And the light that lingers round her,
Is the lustre of all his wisdom.
Living, on his grave she stands,
On her brow she bears his laurels,
And his hercules in her hands.

Coward, can she reign and conquer
If we think her glory dim?
Let us fight for her nobly
As our fathers fought for him.
God who created ages,
Bids us cast our lives before her,
With our loving hearts to-day!

Miscellaneous.

ONE MORE DRESS.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

"To think of wearing the same dress to Church Sunday after Sunday!" exclaimed Mrs. Bradley, a young lady, to Mrs. Green, her mother.

"Why not, Sarah?"
"Folks will think it is the only one I have which is fit to wear to meeting."

"It is, isn't it?"
"I know it, but I don't care about all the world knowing it."

"You would not make all the world believe that which is not true, would you?"
"I don't care; I mean to have a new silk immediately."

"But Sarah, your husband cannot afford it."

"Yes, he can; at least we can curtail our expenses in something else."

"What?"
"Well, I don't know; we could make our provision bill less."

Mrs. Green shook her head.

"I don't think there is any need of our having beefsteaks and mutton-chops every morning for breakfast." We never had such things at home you know. I would not give a straw to have meat for breakfast."

"But James depends upon it."

"I know it; yet for the sake of letting me appear a little better on Sunday he would willingly dispense with it."

"Would you be willing to ask the question?"

"Yes, why not?"

"Would you ask him to go without his breakfast in order that you may have an extra silk dress?"

"Go without his breakfast, mother! I never thought of such a thing," said Mrs. Bradley with a disturbed look.

"But you know it amounts to the same thing to him. He was brought up in the country, where he had meat for breakfast, and he does not think he could make a meal without it."

"We will not say anything more about that, then," replied the young wife, who, I beg the reader to believe, would not have willingly deprived her husband of any real comfort. "How do you suppose Mrs. Farmer gets so many dresses?"

"I don't know."

"She seems to come out with a new one almost every Sunday. She must have, at least, half a dozen silks and berages."

"I hope her husband can afford them," replied Mrs. Green, shaking her head significantly.

"He is not any better off than James.—They have the same salary, and are in the same concern."

"A thousand dollars in these hard times will net a great way with a man who has a family to support, especially if his wife has a great many silk dresses."

"But James saves two or three hundred of his salary every year."

"Every young man ought to save something."

"Do you suppose John Farmer does?"

"I think not, at the rate his wife dresses."

"But it is too hard to wear the same dress every Sunday. If I had one more I could get along very well."

"You would want another still."

"There is no end to it, when you undertake to follow all these absurdities."

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"He is not any better off than James.—They have the same salary, and are in the same concern."

"The 'boys' acknowledged the 'earn,' and John Farmer winked significantly at his associates."

"But," continued the patriarchal merchant, "to get ahead in business, requires certain qualities of mind and body. One must be industrious, economical, and wide awake, as well as shrewd. Driving fast horses, eating champagne suppers, and sucking mint juleps, do not furnish the necessary schooling for a merchant. I won't preach, however. In one word: the first of January is close upon us. Those of you who can put two thousand dollars into the concern shall draw a sixth of the profits! That's all."

The old fellow turned on his heel, picked up his hat and left the counting-room.

James Bradley was the only one of the number—for all in—who could face the music." The other three had perfected themselves in the art of driving 2:40 horses, drinking cherry cobblers, and eating good dinners, which Mr. Harris had hinted was not a necessary qualification for one of his partners.

John Farmer's surplus had been spent in giving his wife "one more dress." As his salary increased from year to year, "one more dress" was often required. Beefsteaks, mutton-chops and ice were as unhealthy and dyspeptic in their tendency as ever; and yet Mrs. Farmer, from the consciousness of her apparel, might have been mistaken for the lady of a nabob.

Five years more. Old Mr. Harris is dead; and through the firm is still Harris & Co. James Bradley is the senior partner. He has already made a competence, and does a very large business.

John Farmer left the concern three years ago. It was supposed because he could not endure the thought of being a clerk under his former companion. He left Boston and went to New York, but his unthrifty habits followed him. His wife wore the greatest part of his salary on her back; and disheartened by his ill success, he had increased the number of his sherry cobbler in his per diem allowance to such an extent that he had been discharged from his place. Not being able to get another situation in N-Y-W, he re-ched Boston in straightforward circumstances. He was equally unfortunate there. The toddy-blissions on his nose were against him; his coat was rusty; and his breath smelt like the fog from a three-cent grog-shop. His last dollar was spent, and his wife was paying a visit to a friend who had repeatedly urged her to spend a week with her, and whom she would have been sorry to disappoint.

James Bradley and John Farmer were clerks in a large house in the city, and both resided in a neat cottage in the suburbs. Their fortune had been thus far very near the same, and perhaps they might have continued the same through life, but for the different character of their wives.

Mrs. Bradley had been brought up to live within her means. A careful mother who realized the responsibility of her position had rigidly inculcated the principles of a sound economy, and trained her up to habits of prudence and thrift. And all these practical qualities she had brought with her into her domestic relations when she embarked in a new sphere of life.

Mrs. Farmer, on the other hand, thought her parents were no better off in the world, had brought her up to be a lady—to wear fine dresses, and play the piano in the parlor. Her knowledge and experience in household duties were very narrow and superficial, and her husband's thousand dollars a year would barely support them.

They were obliged, in order to dress her, as her habits and wishes required, to "sewing" in many of the real comforts of life. The provision bill was the poorest of the poor figure. Mrs. Farmer thought beefsteaks were unhealthy in the morning, and John found it necessary to be

of her opinion. Six dollars a year for ice would buy a new bonnet, hence ice was the cause of a great many complaints that prevailed in summer.

The comforts of living were sacrificed to the luxuries of dress. Bee-steaks at twenty cents a pound was unhealthy; but new bonnets at ten dollars apiece were necessities of life. Mutton-chops at fifteen cents a pound caused the dyspepsia, but silk dresses at a dollar and a half a yard, were not only healthy, but indispensable to the happiness of a lady.

All the salary was spent—was intended to be spent—and the only question was whether it should be put in or on the body. The habit of extravagance was there, and all the thrif and economy which Mrs. Farmer knew, was to save money for new dresses.

She and Mrs. Bradley were on intimate terms with each other, and, as may readily be supposed, the subject of dress was frequently discussed.

A few days after the conversation of Mrs. Bradley with her mother, her neighbor was making a "call." Mrs. Farmer could talk of nothing but dress. It was the study of her life—what she lived for—what she most hoped for in the future. As usual, the conversation immediately degenerated into dress—it was all Mrs. Farmer knew.

"How do you like my new silk?" asked she, after several adroit passes, in order to introduce the matter.

"It is very pretty indeed. You come out in a new dress almost every Sunday, Ellen," replied Mrs. Bradley.

"I wish I could."

"I have only one that is fit to wear," replied Mrs. Farmer, indifferently.

"Only one?"

"That is fit to wear anywhere."

"You have at least three silks."

"All old fashioned. Made last fall—and all out of date. I tried to make John give it to me, but he would not."

"I am sure, if I had your dresses, I should think I were a princess."

"Pshaw! If my husband don't give me one, I have which is fit to wear to church to-morrow."

"It is, isn't it?"

"I know it, but I don't care about all the world knowing it."

"You would not make all the world believe that which is not true, would you?"

"I don't care; I mean to have a new silk immediately."

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"Yes, he can; at least we can curtail our expenses in something else."

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The old fellow turned on his heel, picked up his hat and left the counting-room.

James Bradley was the only one of the number—for all in—who could face the music." The other three had perfected themselves in the art of driving 2:40 horses, drinking cherry cobblers, and eating good dinners, which Mr. Harris had hinted was not a necessary qualification for one of his partners.

John Farmer's surplus had been spent in giving his wife "one more dress." As his salary increased from year to year, "one more dress" was often required. Beefsteaks, mutton-chops and ice were as unhealthy and dyspeptic in their tendency as ever; and yet Mrs. Farmer, from the consciousness of her apparel, might have been mistaken for the lady of a nabob.

Five years more. Old Mr. Harris is dead; and through the firm is still Harris & Co. James Bradley is the senior partner. He has already made a competence, and does a very large business.

John Farmer left the concern three years ago. It was supposed because he could not endure the thought of being a clerk under his former companion. He left Boston and went to New York, but his unthrifty habits followed him. His wife wore the greatest part of his salary on her back; and disheartened by his ill success, he had increased the number of his sherry cobbler in his per diem allowance to such an extent that he had been discharged from his place. Not being able to get another situation in N-Y-W, he re-ched Boston in straightforward circumstances. He was equally unfortunate there. The toddy-blissions on his nose were against him; his coat was rusty; and his breath smelt like the fog from a three-cent grog-shop. His last dollar was spent, and his wife was paying a visit to a friend who had repeatedly urged her to spend a week with her, and whom she would have been sorry to disappoint.

James Bradley and John Farmer were clerks in a large house in the city, and both resided in a neat cottage in the suburbs. Their fortune had been thus far very near the same, and perhaps they might have continued the same through life, but for the different character of their wives.

Mrs. Bradley had been brought up to live within her means. A careful mother who realized the responsibility of her position had rigidly inculcated the principles of a sound economy, and trained her up to habits of prudence and thrift. And all these practical qualities she had brought with her into her domestic relations when she embarked in a new sphere of life.

Mrs. Farmer, on the other hand, thought her parents were no better off in the world, had brought her up to be a lady—to wear fine dresses, and play the piano in the parlor. Her knowledge and experience in household duties were very narrow and superficial, and her husband's thousand dollars a year would barely support them.

They were obliged, in order to dress her, as her habits and wishes required, to "sewing" in many of the real comforts of life. The provision bill was the poorest of the poor figure. Mrs. Farmer thought beefsteaks were unhealthy in the morning, and John found it necessary to be

"There is not John, but I will vacate a place for you," replied the liberal merchant, as he realized the situation of his former associate.

"Thank you," replied John, a tear starting to his eye at this unexpected kindness—the first he had experienced anywhere, not excepting his own house—for many and many a weary month. John had an opportunity to contrast his own circumstances with those of his thrifty friend. He was sad at heart—in fact, he was a ruined man.

He did very well for a few months in the counting-room of his friend, but his old habits soon obtained the mastery over him again, and he died suddenly of a disease.

"One more dress," said Mrs. Green— "The comforts of living were sacrificed to the luxuries of dress. Bee-steaks at twenty cents a pound was unhealthy; but new bonnets at ten dollars apiece were necessities of life. Mutton-chops at fifteen cents a pound caused the dyspepsia, but silk dresses at a dollar and a half a yard, were not only healthy, but indispensable to the happiness of a lady.

All the salary was spent—was intended to be spent—and the only question was whether it should be put in or on the body. The habit of extravagance was there, and all the thrif and economy which Mrs. Farmer knew, was to save money for new dresses.

She and Mrs. Bradley were on intimate terms with each other, and, as may readily be supposed, the subject of dress was frequently discussed.

A few days after the conversation of Mrs. Bradley with her mother, her neighbor was making a "call." Mrs. Farmer could talk of nothing but dress. It was the study of her life—what she lived for—what she most hoped for in the future. As usual, the conversation immediately degenerated into dress—it was all Mrs. Farmer knew.

"Do you know, if I had your dresses, I should think I were a princess."

"I do not; but I mean to have a new silk immediately."

"I am sure, if I had your dresses, I should think I were a princess."

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